A TENDENCY TO THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE GRADUALLY DEVELOPING. The Bace Appears to Be Cetting on Its

Feet Since the Appearance of Paul Laurence Bunbar - Samples of the Re-cent Freducts of Afre-American Poets. For a great many years Paul Laurence Dunbar was "an elevator boy " at Dayton, O., where he was born and educated in the public schools, His opportunities were limited, as he was compelled to rely upon his daily bread out of the sweat of his face, but he possessed the gift of song, and sang, even when the doing of it cost him every penny that he could earn, for the poet, be he black or white, has to buy his way the affections of the people. Publishers will not take any chances with raw poets. Dunbar published, at his own expense, two or three distinct collections of his verse, but the sales did not reimburse him, and he got to be quite a bohemian in Chicago before his "Majore and Minors" fell under the notice of Mr. William Dean Howells, who recognized Mr. Dunbar's peculiar merits and wrote a re view of the collection, which at once gave the young author a national audience and a greater market for his wares than he could supply, for Mr. Dunbar is not a facile writer. Indeed, he has as much labor in composition as Alexander Pope had. When Mr. Howells brought him into public notice Mr. Dunbar was short on marketa-

here and there a fugitive contribution of hi having appeared in the public prints. In the preface to Mr. Dunbar's verse Mr. How ells makes the following analysis: "In my criticism of his book ['Majors and Minors'] I had alleged Dumas in France, and I had forget fully failed to allege the far greater Pushkin is Russia; but these were both mulattoes, who night have been supposed to derive their quali ties from white blood vastly more artistic than ours, and who were the creatures of an environment more favorable to their literary develop ment. So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbas was the only man of pure African blood and o American civilization to feel the negro life esthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its ost modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievemen was to have studied the American neare objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness. Yet, is appeared to me then, and it appears to me now, that there is a precious difference of tempera-ment between the races which it would be a great pity ever to lose, and that this is best pr served and most charmingly suggested by Mr. Dunbar in those pieces of his where he studie the moods and traits of his race in its own accent

his verse, and he has been short ever since, only

pieces for want of some closer phrase."

A peculiar thing about it is that Mr. Dunbar's race intentions are entirely natural, as he did not visit the South until he was a man, and got his idea of dialect and race humor and philoso-phy from the very few men of his race he came in contact with in the market place and the high ways of Dayton.

of our English. We call such pieces dialect

The coming of Dunbar appears to have arouse the humor of other singers of his race, who, as I have stated here before, have persistently be-Hed in their writings the reputation ascribed to them in this respect, which, naturally, they oubtedly possess in very large measure. A close observation of these lyric birds of passage, as they appear from time to time in Afro-Ameri can newspapers, shows a distinct gain in the saving quality of humor over the selections published in THE SUN two years ago. Then my conclusion was that "in all the accumulated mass I have not discovered one ray of poetlo genius, of poetry." This can no longer be truthully said. For instance, in the Outlook for May Mr. Dunbar has the following pen picture of a rainy day on a Southern farm, which is abso intely true to nature, with a subtle humor which appeals to any one familiar with the subject:

> Summah's nice, wif sun a-shinin'. Spring is good wif green and gress, An' der's comething nice 'bout wintah. Dough it brings de freesin blas'; But de time dat is de fines'. Whethah fiel's is green er brown, Is w'en de rain's a poin', An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

> Pen you men's de mule's oi' ha'ness, an' you men's de broken chatz. Hummin' all de time you's wukin', Some ol' common kind o' air. Evab now an' then you look out. But you can't, you'se glad hit's rainin', Oh, you 'ten's lak you so anxious

W'en hit goes on, den you rec Dat de wet'll he'p de crops. But hit ain't de crops you's aftah You knows w'en de rain comes down An' dey's time to tinker 'round'.

Ch dey's fun taside de co'n crib, An' dey's laffin' at the ba'n; An' dey's allus some one jokin', Er some one to tell a ya'n. Dah's a quiet in vo' cabin. So you's mighty blessed happy W'en dev's time to tinker 'round'

Mr. Charles Alexander uses the Baltimor Afro-American in which to preach a sermon in verse on the difficulty that he has found to put college education to profitable use. There are thousands of Afro-American collectans to the land who feel as Mr. Alexander did when he penned the following:

What's de use o' me goin' to college, Fillin' my hade wid ole fo'ks' knolege When dar's nofin fur me to do? De white man, he am in de traces, Dun gobbled up all de bestost places, An' you kno's what I says am frue!

Of coase 'tis hard fur ev'ry nigger,
Who finks dat he kin out er figger,
Kase he kno's little mo'en you;
But when he starts wid no relashum
To fin'er payin' sicherashun,
He fairly turns both blank and blue.

Fur ev'ry doo' in sto' and wukshop, Where he kno's it all frum toe to top, Am bard tighter 'en Major's giue: Den what's de use o' goin' to college. Fillin' my hade wid ole fo'ks' knoleg When dar's nofin fur me to do?

Mr. J. H. Gray, in the Washington Colored American, shows what he knows about the great American game of poker in the following parody of Edgar Allan Poe's "Bells":

Hear the players with their chips—ivory chips—what a music's in them as they pass the finger tipal flow they jingle, jingle, jingle fingle in the humid air of night constimes meiting to a single will the humid sir of night constimes meiting to a single with a crystalline delight, with a crystalline delight, in a sort of Runic rayme.

To the times delight, continue to musically slips from the chips, chips, chips, chips, chips, chips, chips, chips, chips.

From the jingling and the tinkling of the chips.

Mr. John Everett Bruce, who knows just how a disappointed office socker feels, because he has been there, goes after the young army who wanted to be Recorder of Deeds of the Dis-gret of Columbia, but falled to connect, in "A Candidate":

Who is this man in sable suit.
With shining tile and polished boot,
With diamond pin and a cheroot.
Who travels o'er the town a foot?
A candidate

Where is he from, what does he want? What hope has he, this stranger gaunt? What are his claims? Who backs him, I've seen him round hers many a day. This candidate.

They say he wants to gently slip Right into the Recorderable, And came here burdened with a tip, But maybe he will have to skip, This candidate.

Ah. ha! The prize is gone! Another man Has captured it, and thus the plan of this strange man went of "agies." Despite his tip to capture it, you see! This candidate.

There is hope for the literary future of any people who can see the humorous, as well as the scrious, side of life. The Afro-American is beginning to do this.

Mr. J. H. Gray, in the Philadelphia Tribena strikes a higher note in "The Song of a Thrush" than the one struck in "Poker Chips":

I heard a wild thrush singing
Bey and care's prison bars;
His happy heart was dinging
His soul above the stars.

A brawling brook you under The bough on which be sang; and brown bees, best on plunder, Looked up at him in wonder, With a little nameless pang, As his throat he tore sampler, And his song to heaven rang.

I heard a wild thrush singing Sentiment and Humor That Were Exhibited on

And wondered whence he came;
And eyes with pleasure glistened.
As the new-born day he christened,
With his dying soul's dim flame.
From the trook and the trees to this end—
Ah! the song was not the same. Samuel Adams Wiggin strikes a patriotic chord in "Emancipation Day," in the Washington Bee :

Come, sing a song of land and sea Come, sing, the angel said to me, A song of peace and liberty, Of the flag that made us free.

Sing sweetly of the Union great, The stars that shime for every State; Sing with thy spirit all elate Of the diag that made us free. Bing with thy heart a song of love, A strain of gladness from above; Sing like the cooing of a dove, "Twas the flag that made us free.

Strike tender golden harp notes clear, No note of pain or sorrow here: Let smiles upon thy face appear. "Tis the flag that made us free.

Bing of the Union of all hands, Bing of the ties or brothers' bands, Bing of Columbia as she stands, Of the fing that made us free. Sing, with thy comrade's hand in thine, The song of liberty divine, A song in the night, when stars shine, Of the flag that made us free.

I've sung the angel's song for thee, The "Gloria," brother, of liberty; We'll sing one song thro' eternity, God's love that made us free. Mr. A. S. Williams wants to see Cuba free, and the Omaha Enterprise gave him an audience in the following:

Cuba, thou art sore oppressed
By a murderous foe,
But thy wrongs shall be redressed
By thy brethern of the West—
They have willed it so.

Hearts are beating now for thee, And their hopes run high. Waiting but their chance to see; They will help to make thee free-Make thee free or die. Time is gliding swiftly by. But 'tis not too late;

Fou'll yet see their legions fly, Spanish butchers fall and dis-Victory at thy gate. There are many who'll be found,
When the word is given,
Quick to answer to the sound;
Racco's blood cries from the ground,
Many hearts are riven.

Rever falter, never fail, Keep thine armor bright; If thy stronghold they assail, It will be of no avail— Thou art in the right.

Bring the proud Castilian low, Humble him in dust, Let proud Spanish grandees know Thou canst answer blow for blow— Conquer them you must.

Bright Pearl of the Antilles, Humbly do we pray. That thy balm-enladen breece May be purged of foul disease, And thy land from base decre Hall, oh, hall the day! Trust in Him, the God of battle,
Trust in Him and fight,
Tho' their swords against thee rattle,
Thou shait drive them as dumb eattle.
Thou art in the right.

But there is on the religious side perhaps the deepest and purest side of Afro-American life and thought. Bishop Benjamin Tucker Tanner expresses this sentiment of his race in "Thy Presence" in the Western Christian Recorder:

Thy presence, Lord, is life; In all the sun beneath There is no living breath; Apart from Thee is death; Thou, Lord, indeed art life.

Thy presence, Lord, is light;
All, all is dark around;
From starry sky e'en to the ground
No dawning may be found;
Thou, Lord, indeed art light. Thy presence, Lord, is joy: Apart from Thee is grief; Beyond, my soul, belief, Nor show of least relief Apart from God, thy joy.

Thy presence, Lord, is strength; Howe'er so weak thou art,

No beating of the heart When thou from God dost part: is presence is thy strength.

The Rev. William Decker Johnson paraphrases the second part of the 42d Psalm in the Chris-tian Recorder as follows: Distresses drear may compass me; Yet, Lord, will I remember Thee. In realm remote or distant town, My help in Thee shall e'er be found.

Deep unto deep in rage may call, Thy waves and billows on me fall, Thy waterspouts all o'er me break; Yet unto Thee my prayer I'll make.

As with a sword both keen and sharp, My enemies may pierce my heart— and taunting in derision say: "Where is thy help from God to-day?"

I'll trust Him, yes, in trouble's hour, For I have felt His mighty power; He will His love on me bestow And make me all His goodness know.

There is nothing more interesting than to watch the genius of a people struggling for expression in prose or verse. It is easy to discover a surer and more confident expression of thought by Afro-Americans, especially in verse. Just now the woods are full of singers, but Dunbar's voice is easily heard above the chorus, in clearness of thought and precision of metrical expression, for the time being. There are, evidently, more of Dunbar's power in reserve.

T. THOMAS FORTUME.

T. THOMAS FORTUNE. "ITWAS A CORKER WHILE IT LASTED"

The Governor of Illinois, His Attorney-General, and Yerkes Meet. From the Chicago Tribune.

Gov. Tanner, Attorney-General Harlan, and Mr. Yerkes met in the Governor's room. The bill under consideration was the Allen bill, which gives to Mr. Yerkes great advantages for his street-car system in Chicago. Mr. Harlan pounded the desk with his fist and said: "This bill was passed by bribery. The Gov

ernor cannot fail to know." He was looking Tanner full and fair in the face now, and in an instant Tanner brought himself up and said in an emphatic way: "I do not know it, Mr. Harlan, and I do not like you to charge that here. I think the man

that charges that the bill was passed by bribery should be prepared to prove it." Harian retorted : "Very well, sir." Mr. Yerkes was pretty angry by this time, and, rising to his feet, faced Harlan, who had in

and, rising to his feet, faced Harlan, who had in turn turned around to Mr. Yerkes. Mr. Yerkes said. "Any man who makes a statement like that and cannot prove it is a coward."

Harlan retorted, shaking his right finger, "I will take care of myself, Mr. Yerkes, without any interference from you.

But Mr. Yerkes was like Banquo's ghost. He would not sit down. He said to Mr. Harlan, "I make the statement again, that any man that brings a charge of that kind in an assemblage like this, in the absence of those whom he charges, is a coward."

The two men were glaring at each other now, and Tanner sat upright in his chair. He had gotten a little excited, and he had brought his teeth so tightly together that he nipped the and off his cigar.

and Tanner sat upright in his chair. He had gotten a little excited, and he had brought his teeth so tightly together that he nipped the end off his cigar.

A minute more and Gov. Tanner attracted Mr. Harlan's attention by saying. "I do not care, Mr. Harlan's attention by saying. "I do not care, Mr. Harlan's attention by promit you to finish. You charge that I know these bills were passed by bribery. Until you retract that you can talk no further."

Then a dead calm fell on the assemblage. Mr. Yerkes resumed his seat. Mr. Harlan stood a second, and, looking at Tanner, quickly discerned what everybody else could see, that Tanner was quite angry, too.

Mr. Harlan paused a second and then in mellifluous notes, which, by the way, did not go for much, made a retraction. He said in substance that he would retract it, but that he had heard and knew of things which, if Tanner knew, would lead the mind of the Chief Executive to the same conclusion he had. He had gotten this information on the floor of the House.

Gov. Tanner retoried that he was not on the floor of either House from the beginning of the session to the close until the last night. Harlan talked on a little while, but presently said the people believed, and he knew facts that led him to believe, that the statements he had made were true, and you know it, it is your duty to go to the Grand Jury."

This was about all there was to the bout, but it was a "corker" while it lasted.

The real aristocracy of Spain is limited to the 243 grandees, many of them untitled, who enjoy innumerable privileges, including those of remaining seated and covered in the presence of maining seated and covered in the presence of royalty, and of access to the soverelign at all times. Admission to the grandesa is exceedingly difficult to obtain, for it is necessary to prove a long line of blue-blooded ancestry, unsuitled either on the paternal or on the maternal side by any plebelan strain. The ancient ceremony of conferring the grandess is termed an aimohada, and is extremely rare. Queen Christina has held but two since her husband's death, and there were but three during the reign of King Alfonso XII.

THE MUSE ON THE CANAL.

Canalboats in the Old Day-Jokes at the Expense of the Cook-Love Tales in Mottoes -Canalling Not What It Used to Be HONESDALE, Pa., June 12 .- "There don't seem to be no fun nor no sentiment in canallers on this line no more," dolefully remarked a veteran boatman on the Delaware and Hudson Canal. while his boat was waiting its turn for a load of coal at the dock. "When I first went to boatin', 'long before the war, people know'd how the boys stood on matters and things in general, 'cause they always painted their sentiments on the stern or on the bow or along the sides of their boats, so that a man had to be terrible blind, or else powerful short of schoolin', if he couldn't make out the rules and regulations that them boats was run on. But nowadays things is all changed. Maybe it's 'cause the boys ain't makin' no money and their hearts consequently ain't light, and maybe it's 'cause they don't run their own boats any more, but have to sail on the company's own craft. Anyhow, no one sees any poetry on a boat, or any cheerin' proverbs and the like, any more I can remember when there was hardly a boat

that didn't sail under some sort e' colors, or a

TOOK DELIGHT.

name that made the boys either laugh or feel good in other ways. "I can call up some of the sentiments of the old-time boats that was prettier than print. Some smarty fellows use to find a little fault with the spellin', and said the stops wasn't slapped in just right, but them sentiments was beautiful for all that. An' the funny verses the boys used to think up and paint on their boats was better than any joke I can see in these solemn days. Now and then a canaller who had idees bigger than he could handle himself would git a town boy here, or down in Rondout, may be, to fix it up for him, and then he'd put it in big letters on his boat and feel prouder than a towpath boy on a new mule that hadn't lost an eye yet, and was sound in every leg. Now what do you think of this for prop talk !" said the old boatman, shutting his even and scratching his head, as he recalled one of the 'way-back canalboat matters. "It goes like this: 'The miseries of life-' "First, I want to tell you," put in the veteran, interrupting him-self, and opening his eyes to explain, "I want to tell you that this poetry was writ by Squire Elting of Ulster county, and it's my sentiments to a dot:

"The miseries of life and the torments of Hades For the canaller that won't go his last centon the

"How's that for proper doctrine! Of course, you know what Hades means! That poetry got a cheer every time the boat that carried it went through a lock, and all the boys agreed to it until one season Sam Dicker, who was Captain of a boat, got the mitten from a gal at Rondout on one of his trins. That kind o' soured Sam. and he daubed on his boat, in big red letters, this little stanzy. It was a little strong, but then we couldn't none of us exac'ly go back on it, neither. Sam writ like this: 'The miseries o' life and the torments of b-

For the woman as won't treat a canaller well." "The old-time canallers thought a heap of the fair sex, and used to write miles of poetry about em. Nobody couldn't find any fault with the spirit that Capt. Riley throwed into the verse he writ and painted on his boat, I don't think. It ran as follows, as near as I can call it back; Woman, lovely woman - 'That's the uncompromisin' way the Captain begun his lines," the veteran broke in on the train of his reminiscen-ces again to explain, "There wasn't no two sides to them sentiments:

"Woman, lovely woman, God bless her! We boat coal all summer in winter for to dress her. "The trouble with Capt. Riley was, though, that he wanted to carry his sentiments a little too far. He tried to dress more lovely women in the winter than what he made a boatin' coal in the winter than what he made a boatin coal in the summer would stand, and so the first thing he know'd he run ag'in a snag, and the Sheriff had to step in and sell his boat, sentiment and all.

"One of the boys got a young chap named Brodhead, down in Hondout, to write him a touch up on the fair sex. I never could quite understand that poetry, but the way it used to lingle when the boys'd holier it out as the boat that carried it went by, made it plain that it had the right doctrine in it and that every canaller approved of it.

This is the way they used to run:
"No canwler any tan Apoller.

"No canawier ain't an Apoller. But when a lady loves a canawier, There ain't nothin' else that can ever appail her. There sin't nothin' else that can ever appall her.

"As I said, I never could quite git it through me whether the poetry was favorin' the fair sex or the canalier—you'll notice that the poet called 'em' 'canawiers,' so's the jingle wouldn't be spoiled, I s'pose—but it was as popular along the canal as 'Old Zip Coon' on the accordeon.

"The names that the boatmen in them good old days gave to the boats was sometimes touchin' and sometimes amusin', and the fair sex 'most always figured in 'em. I remember jolly Pat Collins. He had a boat that he called the Lightning Fanny. She was named after a gal he was goin' to marry—that is, the Fanny part of the name came from her. The Lightning

gal he was goin' to marry—that is, the Fanny part of the name came from her. The Lightning part pat hitched on to it, because he made a trip with the boat once between Honesdale and Rondout that beat the record more than an hour. He didn't marry Fanny, though, because she wasn't willin' to make the weddin' trip on Pat's boat as cook, so Pat married the widow of a soap boller, who was just as jolly as Pat, and he changed the name of his boat to the Glidling Jane, the Jane being the widow's front name. To make the rechristenin' of the boat more strikin, Pat got Pop Turner to write him a verse for it, and he painted it on the bow of the boat. 'Stand aside,' the poetry began:

"Stand aside, let me glide."

oetry began:
"Stand aside, let me glide.
What makes me such a skidder?
The Cap is married, and his bride
Was a soap-fat boiler's widder.

Was a soap fat boiler's widder.

"Them lines made the boys howl every time the Gliding Jane hove in sight, and when, a month afterward, Caut. Pat had to paint emout, because his glidin' bride had glid away with one of Pat's crew, there was a universal wail of sorrow went up all along the line from Honesdale to tide. Some of the boys wanted Pat to paint on his boat the words: 'It's all round my hat I'll vear a green viller; it's all round my hat I'll vear a green viller; it's all round my hat, for a twelve month and a day. Should anybody ask you the reason vy I vear it, just tell 'em that my true love has gone far, far avay.' But Pat said them wasn't his sentiments. He thought up another verse himself. The spirit of the poetry was a leetle reckless and kind o' looked as if Capt. Pat had lost confidence in his boat. This is the way he wrote:

"Our anohor's weighed, our sail is sot.

"Our anchor's weighed, our sail is sot, We're off for port whether we git there or not. "Our anchor's weighed, our sail is sot.
We're off for port whether we git there or not.

"One of the popular boats of forty years ago was the High Steepping Sally of Elienville. The boys were always glad to meet the High Steepping Sally, and if she and Fairy Lill, or the Cockeye Beauty of Shanty Hill happened to meet on the line, or if High Low Jack of Lockawack hove in sight durin' a trip, the boys always passed the boatsman's horn to and fro several times before they parted. The boatsman's horn wagn't never of no less calibre than four fingers, and sometimes it took the thumb besides to measure the gauge to suit some of the boys. Jim Pellet run a boat that he called the Cheering Boat Horn, Right under the name he had painted in big black letters: 'Never wind the horn unless you can put the jug back where you got it.' That made the boys laugh every time. Speakin' of this puts me in mind of the temperance principle that Capt. Ike Mason show'd in the toas he painted on his boat The Rocking Jimmy. This was about the way it went:

"Here's to glorious cold water.

t went:
"Here's to glorious cold water,
We couldn't run a bost without her We couldn't run a bost without her.

"There was a heap of solid fact in that, for lack of water in the canal, owing to the droughts that drop down on the boys now and then, is a sad blow to 'em, in one respect. In another respect, in the old times, leastways, lack of water makes em feel good. When Cap'. Tom Wood put the following sentiment on his bot he touched the hearts of every boatman, and they'd made him President if it had been left to them. Tow water in the ditch and an empty jug. Tom writ, 'knocks a canaller's loy heels up. There was a heap of fact in that, too, and some other boatman, but I can't call his name this minute, struck truth right betwist wind and water when he writ, 'A dry summer makes the canaller's bummer. "Pete Hilferty made a big hit with his boat. The Lover's Sigh of Creek Locks, when he painted under its names his honest opinion of boatin' in this stanzy:

this stanzy:
'There ain't no life like a canal-boat seaman.
It's better than raftin', it's better than teamin'. "That was a likely enough sentiment in them days, but there ain't a boatman afloat on this canal to-day that would agree to it.

"The boys used to have lots of fun with the cooks, when the cooks didn't happen to be the wives of the Captains, which they was sometimes. If they wasn't, they was generally big, fat, good-natured Irish women, who didn't care how much fun was made of 'em, but who, if any of 'em did happen to care, wasn't afraid to waltz in and clean out z whole crew in less than no time. I remember a boat that had painted on her stern:

or stern;
"Beauty and the Beast. Beauty missed the boat, it the cook's aboard." but the cook's aboard "
"Another boat was called The Sprite of the
Spray, and under the name was painted: "Four
precious souls and one cook aboard." The Hard

of Erin was another boat that had to have a whack at the cook. The boys always roared when they read, just below The Bard's name, the following statement: RHYMES IN WHICH THE BOATMEN

"Capacity of boat-195 tons. "Capacity of cook-2 quarts. "Jock Kelley used to run a boat up the canal late in the fall loaded with cabbage, which he sold along the line. The boat was the Twin Cousina Jock informed the public as to what his boat carried by painting on the stern:

"Large cabbages. Cargo, 3,001 head, countin' the "Capt. Bill Decker, who had married a widder, and, as folks said, rather got the worst end of the bargain, kind o' carried out the truth of the story by paintin' in great big flery red letters on the bow of his boat, these warnin' words:

the bow of his boat, these warnin' words:

"Mind your eye, boys, the cook's a widder."

"Mike Hilferty was one of the innocentest young chaps that everyanked a tiller or chucked a bow line. He was sweet on a gal somewhere along the Twelve-mile level, and one night, his boat bein' laid up there, he came in from callin' on the gal, and told a chum of his, as a great secret, somethin' his gal had said to him. The chum promised that he wouldn't never tell none o' the boys, but when boor Mike's captain two or three days afterward had painted for his motto on the boat the startlin' warnin', Don't touch me, Mike; I'm ticklish, Mike know'd that his chum had given him away, and he left the canal; but the motto hung to the boat till she was laid up as a goner.

had given him away, and he left the canal; but the motto hung to the boat till she was laid up as a goner.

"There was a little chap that run a boat on the D. and H. in the old times that kind o' thought he was a little better than the ordinary run of boatmen, and he didn't lose no chance of showin' it. One of his daughters opened a milliner shop, and then he swelled up so that the boys expected to see him bust. Tim Flannigan hit an idee, havin' jist got a new boat, and he called her the Big Feelin' Charley. Charley was the front name of the stuck-up boatman. After the name Tim painted this notice; 'Give me room. My daughter's a milliner.' Little Charley seen the point, and he dropped down more than thirty pegs right away, and so Tim painted the name and motto out and christened his boat the Conquering Hero.

"Them was good old days," concluded the veteran, as he got the signal to come up with his boat, 'and the boys had snap in em. But the poets and the jokers is all gone, and there ain't no sentiment nor fun no more. I believe I'll quit boatin' this season and go into somethin lively. You don't know of no undertaker that wants to hire a hearse driver, do you !"

A BOSS ADVERTISER.

Tale of a Man Who at the End of Time Did Not Porget to Attend to Business.

"To me," remarked a man of more or less brokerly appearance in manner and cut of clothes, "the advertising methods resorted to by business men all over the country are astonishing in their intelligence, stupidity, ingenuity, and commonplaceness. I mean by that that, while some of them seem to be satisfied with the money returns of the oldest chestnuts in the newspapers, there are others who are advertisng Columbuses, never satisfied unless discovering something new in the promotion of the publicity of the wares they have to sell."

"Which reminds me," said a man who looked ike a New England Yankee once removed, "that I have been interested in advertising for many years, and that I have circumnavigated the United States several times, advertising va-rious things from baking powder to steam engines. In these trips I have observed some things quite well worth the remembering, but certainly the most unusual bit of advertising I ever heard of came under my notice during a trip I made last year through northwestern Texas.

"In a trip made there some three years previously I had met a local character whom they called 'Colt' Thompson, and after a talk with him at the hotel supper table, for he boarded at the best hotel in the town, I found that he had come from my native town in Massachusetts, and that we had known each other as boys there, forty years before, when neither of us was more than ten years old. Though Thompson was a pretty hard citizen and had a record only a few Eastern men would be proud of, he was a good worker, and as the agent of an arms was a good worker, and as the agent of an arms manufacturing company in the East, with a territory comprising several counties, he managed to live well and wear good clothes. Of course he gambled between times and did odd jobs of various kinds, but the profits in those lines were simply used for spending money. He had shot several men and was accustemed to remark that he had to do it now and then in his business to show the merits of the goods he handled, and he always said that he would rather be horsewhipped than shoot a man with any other gun than that made by his firm—a loyalty that added much to his popularity and was a first-class advertisement for his weapons.

"Which reminds me that Thompson was the most enthusiastic advertier? I ever saw and he never let an opportunity escape that he could use for this purpose. I saw him shoot a runaway horse one afternoon on the main street and when the owner complained. Thompson paid for the animal and had a half column article in all the newspapers on his guns as runaway preventives. Another time about midnight he discovered a fire in a store on a side street, and, instead of turning in an alarm by the usual shouting, he bewan to shoot his gun as fast as he could. The noise soon had the crowd out and the papers next day told all about Thompson's guns as the best dre alarms in use. On another occasion he offered the preacher who was going to preach a shot man's funeral \$50 dollars to help out the salary fund if he would say that the deceased had surely gone to heaven because he had been shot with one of Thompson's guns.

"But I am digressing. His greatest advertising idea was his last one, to which I am slowly but surely coming. When I found I was going to be in Thompson's neighborhood again last year I was pleased, for I had found him very interesting, and he had insisted when we parted that if I ever came that way again I must be manufacturing company in the East, with a

but surely coming. When I found I was going to be in Thompson's neighborhood again last year I was pleased, for I had found him very interesting, and he had insisted when we parted that if I ever came that way again I must be sure and give him a chance to make it pleasant for me. I had not heard from him in the mean time, and when I got to his town and asked at his old stopping place where he was. I was greatly pained, but not greatly surprised, to learn that he had died six months previously. It was not necessary for me to ask if he had died suddenly, and I did not ask the question in that form, but I did ask what the row was about, and as the result of my inquiries I found that my friend Thompson had been called upon to act as a deputy sheriff in the arrest of a couple of very bad men from the mountains, who had been shooting the town up.

"They were customers of Thompson, but he did not sive guarantees against disorder with his goods, and he was as glad to arrest these men as he would have been to do any other hazardous service. Thompson became separated from the Sheriff and cosse about noon, and no more was seen of him until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when he was discovered by the Sheriff lying dead beside a big white boulder, and not fifty feet away, stretched flat on their backs, were the two 'toughs,' quite as dead as Thompson. In the hands of each of the three were revolvers, and it was plain that the men had died game, though apparently the end was more sudden for the others than for Thompson. This was proved by the fact that just above him on the white surface of the atone he had scrawled in as hig leeters as he could reach, and with his finger dipped in his own blood, the words: 'What else could have happened when all three had Thomp ons! Call on my successor before purchasing elsewhere.'

"That evening after supper I went to the town cemetery to visit the grave of my schoolmate, and on a plain white stone at his head was this brief inscription, placed there by his friends:

COLT THOMPSON.

COLT THOMPSON,
He Was a Good Man.
Massachusetts Sent Him to Texas.

Texas Sent Him to Glory. "Which struck me as a pretty good adver-tisement in itself, but not comparable from a business standpoint, with that other one writ-ten on a white stone in the blood of a New Eng-lander among the hills of Texas."

A DEAL IN CORDAGE. Advantages of Shipping by Water When One Seils by Weight.

ELISWORTH, Me., June 11.-Last fall Jacob Fynes, a junk dealer of this place, attended an auction sale of Government stores at Fort Knox. and bought in about 20,000 pounds of condemned rigging, consisting of derrick guys and falls and had been used in constructing the fortifications. This rigging, baving been stored in an airy casethe power of two horses could not unwind the

Fynes took it to Elisworth in a consting schooner; and when he weighed it again he found that it hed gained more than 1,000 pounds in going less than 100 miles.

No sconer had Fynes made this discovery than No sooner had Fynes made this discovery than he saw a chance to make a good sum of money by converting river water into cordage. He distributed his dry junk in a damp cellar and turned on the faucet, keeping the water running nearly all winter. This spring he sent the lot to Boston on a coaster and got credit for 31,000 pounds of old rigging. Then he counted up his profits. He had purchased 20,000 pounds of dry rigging at one-eighth of a cent a pound, making the first cost \$25. Then he had paid \$4 to get it to Elisworth and \$5 to take it from Elisworth to Boston, so the rigging delivered in Boston had cost him \$34. He sold the lot for one-third of a cent a pound. If he had sold only 20,000 pounds, which was the amount he purchased, he would have received but \$66.68, and would have made but \$31.56, a very moderate profit; but after the have received but \$96.68, and would have made but \$32.66, a very moderate profit; but after the absorption of 11,090 pounds of water he had sold his junk for \$103.33, making a profit of \$69.33, of which \$30.67 was from water. As the cellar rent cost him nothing and as the water faucat was leased by the year, Fynes feels cheefful over the result and is looking about for similar bargains.

ON HIS BOY ANDY.

largest of the kind ever seen in this region.

curious loungers, and everybody wanted to

Befuse to Be Bouted by Dog or Cat and Got Drunk and Steal Sightly. BUNTING THAT RAISED THE ANTE

Within a stone's throw of Sixth avenue, where Broadway crosses that thoroughfare at Thirty-fourth street, there is a two-story frame building

The second floor is used as a reception room, where men and women may sit and drink. When the present occupant of the building every morning by the disappearance of eggs that had been left under the bar at closing time until a rat was seen eating one of the shells.

where big wildcats are no uncommon sight. Uncle Joe was soon surrounded by a group of know where he got the big wildcat skins. Ho threw them on the floor, leaned up against the bar, and said:
"Whar Aid I git 'em! Why, I peeled 'em crewed to the top of the bar, and the rate bit through the boxes. Raines law lunch began to sine had to be gnawed through.

offen the two varmints they grow'd on, o' course! Whar did ye 'spect I got 'em! An' I had a sight o' fun a doin'of it, too. Ye all remember how that boy Andy o' mine tackled the big buck he wounded last fall, an' how he fit it for well nigh an hour till he was all but tore to pieces hisself before he killed it ? That fight o' his'n was about the gamest thing that ever was done in our woods, an' I was glad he made it an' came out all hunky, but I kep' a thinkin' to myself that I didn't calc'late to let Andy be the only man there was this deestric', and ben keepin' my eye pe dever since fer a little streak o' luck myself. I looked fer it all winter, but it the rats seemed to have selected a new home. Then the cat gave birth to three kittens, and she was kept busy caring for them and forgot the rats. Three days after the kittens appeared one was stolen by the rats. The next night another was carried off, and the third and last of the litters met a like fate a day or two later. Finally the rats tackled the old cat. In the early morning her dead body was found on the barroom floor. She was badly bitten about the neck, and pieces of her fur were scattered about the floor. There was not any evidence that any of the rats had been hurt. didn't come my way, fer every b'ar or buck I shot allus seemed to drop deader'n a stone. There wa'n't no fight left in 'em. I begun to think that I guessed I'd have to wait till nex' fall or winter, when t'other day I accident'ly diskivered that there was a big b'ar sloshin' round in Keiley's Holler, not fur, nuther, from whar Andy made his big buck give it up. I says nothin' to nobody, but one day I calls old Jack son, my dog, an' says to myself that I guessed we'd meander out and see if me an' Jackson.

an' the b'ar couldn't pick up a muss betwixt us. And so we meandered.
"I'd ben out, I take it, fer bettern an hour, an' hadn't see nothin' o' the b'ar. It was purty hot in the swamp, an' so I begun to edge out to rds the openin' to get some fresh wind. Jackson he kep' huntin' round, an' I know'd if the b'ar was anywhars in the country Jackson'd be sure to hustle him out. When I got out on the edge o' the swamp I see a rousin' big hawk sailin' along so high up that I thort mebbe he mowt be sarchin' for a roostin' place on a cloud somewhars, an' I says to myself that I guessed I'd see if I couldn't knock a feather or two outen him, jest to try my rifle, so I up an' bangs away at him. He was a good ways up, but I've got

at him. He was a good ways up, but I've got him nailed on my barn door now.

"Jackson he was huntin' round all the while off in the swamp, an' I hadn't searcely got my gun down from my shoulder when I heard the deuce and all of a time 'mongst the laurels. I says to myself that I guessed old Jackson and nosed bruin outen his hidin' place, an' the next second the brush opened an' out didn't come the bar, but the wildcat that was wearin' the littlest o' them pelts there, an' that's big enough for b'ar, but the wildoat that was wearin' the littlest o' them peits there, an that's big enough fer any decent wildoat. I guess. Well, he come out, jee whoo-o-o-t an' I had to up an' firequick. The consequence was that I didn't get the ball whar I wanted it, an' only jist broke the varmint's shoulder. Quickern chain lightnin' that cat turned an' sprung at me. I hadn't no more loads in my rife, an' so I met the wildoat in the air with the butt o' my gun an' keeled him over. Then I jumped at him bout as quick as he had jumped at me, an' socked one o' my number leven cowhides plumb on his neck 'fore he could gether hisself an' come fer me ag'in. He squirmed over on his back though as slick as an eel, an' histin' his hind claws, ketched me jist below the knee an' nipped the breeches an' bootley off down to the ankie as easy as I'd spud the bark offen a hemlock. He took a trifle o' my hide with 'em, too, but he didn't have a chance to clutch no more of nipped the precenes an bootleg off down to the ankie as easy as I'd spud the bark offen a hemlock. He took a triffe o'my hide with 'em, too, but he didn't have a chance to clutch no more of it, for I smashed his big head with a lick from my riffe butt, an' he give up the ghost.

Well, that was all nice and easy as far as it went; but Jackson be wan't satisfied with nosin this felier out, but had kep' on huntin' round in the swamp all the while I was gittin' away with the cattymount. Consequence was that I hadn't had time to draw a long breath, when lee whoo-o-o-ol out jumped the former owner o' that biggest hide there. He see that I had made carcase of his mate, an' didn't wait fer me to pitch in, but jist opened on me from the word go. I tried the rife butt business on him, but it didn't seem to have no more effect on him than if I was poundin' a feather bed. Old Jackson come to beip with this feller, but that ugly varment jist more than circused the both of us around that patch o' timber. Before I got in my lucky whack that broke the wildcat's back, he had pooty nigh cleaned me out o' clothes, an' had left a tol' able fair showin o' digs on my hands an' arms—there, ye kin see'em yit—an' had gouge' old Jackson so he looked as if some-body had been pickin' his feathers off an' then tippin' a kag o' red paint over him.

"After I broke the cat's back, though, he wasn't much use to himself, but his spirit was jest as willin', though the flesh was weak. I hain't said nothin' bout the yellin' an on arthly catty waulin' he kep' up, cause I hain't get the lungs to give em to ye. When I got the wild-cat foul I served him same as I had t'other un, an' then I sot down on the ground bout as willin' as ever I done anything in my life. After takin' 'count o' stock an' thinkin' the matter all over I says to myself that I guessed my two cattymounts an' the fight! had

an' then I sot down on the ground bout as willin' as ever I done anything in my life. After takin' 'count o' stock an' thinkin' the matter all over I says to myself that I guessed my two cattymounts an 'the fight I had with 'em was bout equal to Andy an' his buck, an' so I guessed I'd call it a day an' go home an leave the b'ar till next day, an' then go out an' git him, 'which,' I says. 'I take it'll raise the ante on Andy,' I says. So by an' by I loaded my gun, tossted the wildcats over my shoulder, an', pickin' up my hawk, started fer home.

"That dog Jackson o' mine is the greatest dog in all creation, an' the first thing I know'd I missed him, an' then I heerd him huntin' round in the swamp ag'in, jist as If he hadn't a scratch on him nor a lock or so o' hair yanked offen him. I says to myself that I guessed that if Jackson didn't look out the first thing we know'd we'd be in another mues, an' I hadn't much mor'n said it 'fore I heerd a huilabaloo in the swamp, an' right on the heels of it come the b'ar, an' on the bar's heels come Jackson. The b'ar was a big one. Jackson clutchin' at his heels made him mad, an' he stopped an' turned on the dog. Then, seein' me, he made up his mind that I was to b'anne for the huil darn business. So he come a tearin' fer me like a steam ingine, with his laws open as far as he could git 'em. The inside of 'em was as red as the inside of a turkey gobbler's chin, an' I know d he meant business. I diropped the cattymounts an' the hawk an' binged away at the b'ar. He tumbled, but was comin' so overpowerin' fast to 'ard me that he tarned a summerset clean over and come up squar on his feet, an' stood up so close to me that I had to duck my head 'way back to git out o' the way o' the swathe made at me with one o' them big paws o' his n, and I only jest got out o' the reach of it, with not an inch to spare. The wind of his paw almost took my breath away, so ye kin mebbe imagine that if he'd a hit me I wouldn't be kere to tell about the little skirmish. Jackson was worritin' the b'

PIECE OF A MAN ALIVE, The Vault of Mis Skull and Five Ribs Cone and Legs Fractured.

From the Chicago Tribune. With a cranium largely of silver, minus five ribs on the left side, his heart shifted to the right of his anatomy, and with dozens of minor physical peculiarities, attested by scars from wounds and surgeons' knives, yet full of vitality and cheerfulness, George Burns, an inmate of the County Hospital, is a curiosity. The man has just recovered from an operation performed a lot of loose hemp and manila strands, which by Drs. Fanger and Murphy three weeks ago. The last operation performed on Burns was to extract a minie ball, which he had carried in his breast since the battle of Antietam. The his breast since the battle of Anticiam, The missile, which weighed one and a quarter ounces, was taken out, and with it a piece of Burns's breastbore, measuring 2 by 4 inches. Burns was born in Massachusetts, and is 65 years old. He was the Captain in a Massachusetts regiment when wounded at Antictam, When able to get out again he was transferred to the navy. His present home is Cincinnati, O. Almost the entire vault of Burns's skull is missing and in phace of the bone he has a silver plate the year of the bone he has a silver plate the year for year any lack of bony structure. Hesites this remarkable brain covering Burns lacks, as stated, fiveribs on the left side, and his heart is shifted to the extreme right side of the body. Another remarkable loadine is that Burns has carried his silver skull for over the years, and until a few months ago was employed as an engineer on the steamship Savannah, which plied between Heston and Florida. In January of that year the bayaanha was wrecked. Burns was in the engine room when the steamer struck a rock. When he shock came Burns was thrown into the whirting machinery. When he was removed to Philsdeiphia, It was then learned that both his legs were fractured, its right arm broken, and fiveribs were crushed, one of which penetrated his left war discovered, however, and he was removed to Philsdeiphia, It was then learned that both his legs were fractured, its right arm broken, and fiveribs were crushed. missile, which weighed one and a quarter coils. Having weighed his purchase in Bucksfort

RATE HOLD THE FORT.

Hawk, Two Big Wildcats, and a Bear Brought in by a Seventy-Sve-Year Huntswhich is overrun by rate. The building is an man in Pennsylvania, and He and HisDog Jackson Had to Fight Hard to Do it, Too. old one, and up to three months ago it had been inoccupied for some time. BRAR CREEK, Pa., June 12.-Uncle Jos On the ground floor of the building is a saloon Shropshire is one of the toughest and gamest woodsmen in all northern Pennsylvania, al-though he is now past 75. The other day he came into the tavern at this little lumber settlestarted his saloon his bartenders were mystified ment with the pelts of two enormous wildcats strung over his shoulder. They were the

They couldn't imagine where the eggs went to When the eggs were put out of their reach the rats turned loose on the sugar. Lump and powdered sugar disappeared in surprising quantities. It was kept in small wooden boxes

anish through a hole in the rear of a big ice box. To get into the ice-box an inside casing of After finding that all the food left over night in the ice box had been stolen or made unfit for use, the proprietor of the saloon concluded that he would get rid of his unwelcome guests. He got a female cat from a friend who gave her a long pedigree as an exterminator of rats. The cat entered on her new duties, and for two days the rats seemed to have selected a new home.

floor. She was badly bitten about the neck, and pieces of her fur were scattered about the floor. There was not any evidence that any of the rats had been hurt.

One of the bartenders owns a buildog named Jim. Jim is an ugly-looking brute and his temper is no sweeter than his looks. If there is anything Jim hates more than other dogs it is rats. Therefore Jim's owner thought rats would be scarce if the buildog was installed in the saloon.

The buildog was installed in the saloon. The buildog was left in the saloon when it was closed for the night. Early in the morning, when Jim was placed on guard, people passing saw a very angry fulldog rushing up and down the saloon. In the dim light it was hard at first to see what he was after. If one looked closely he would make out the forms of big rats close up against the walls of the building. When the dog would rush toward them they would disappear. Every little while a rat would run across the barroom floor. Quick as the buildog was the rats were quicker, and before many hours Jim was badly rattled. The rats seemed to recognize this fact, for they grew bolder.

The struggle for supremay lasted all night, and the dog was worsted. He killed only one rat, and it was such a costly killing that Jim was banished the next day. The one rat killed was first seen on the sideboard behind the bar, flanked by glassware and unopened bottles of liquor. Jim espied the rat, apparently as soon as it appeared, but the dog realized that he was playing a losing game, and he became strategetic. With his business eye on the rat behind the bar, Iim kept on chasing his tormentors on the floor. Getting in a direct line with the rat on the sideboard, however. Jim made a mighty effort, sprang over the bar and landed on the rat. There was a crash of glassware, followed by growls and the squeak of a dying rat. Making sure the job was a thorough one the dog carried the dead body of the rat to the middle of the floor. Crouching down beside it he watched to see if life was extinct. He rats in this s

torn out.

The owner is afraid to clean the bar trough nights for fear the rats would bits through the beer pipes to get their supply of intoxicants.

WHAT AILS AMERICAN TOURISTS? Why Do They Devote Themselves Abroad to

Things They Wouldn't See At Home ! "One of the curiosities of American travel abroad," said a tourist who has just returned from his annual spring jaunt on the Continent, "is a man's anxiety to look at the very things in Europe that he can see, if he will, at his own doorsteps at home. For instance, about every young New Yorker who passes a few weeks on the Continent goes to all the zoological gardens mentioned in the guide books. In Dresden he may ignore the Brühl Terrace, take but a fleeting glance at the wonderful art gallery, and hardly giance at the wonderful art gallery, and have,
wink at the footprints of the great Napoleon,
but he will gaue for a whole afternoon at the
bears and lions, tigers and elephants in the
zoological garden, although at home he never
would dream of passing half the time in the
park or circus menagerie; in fact, probably
would not think of going to either once a year.
"He does the same thing in Vienna, in Paris,
"He does the same thing in Vienna, in Paris,
"He does the same thing in Leach of these "He does the same thing in Vienna, in Paris, in Frankfort, and in Berlin. In each of these towns there are a thousand rare sights that he never will see duplicated in his native land, but he leaves half of them unobserved to hunt up more bears, lions, and tigers in the local

up more bears, ilons, and tigers in the local menngeries.

"Next to the zoological gardens, the churches seem to have the strongest hold on the American sightseers. Now, outside of a few masterpieces of cathedral architecture, central European churches do not appeal to the untrained eye any more than do many of our fine American churches. The time used by the average American youth in examining spires and gaping at vaults, altars, and chancels is just so much time wasted, as, to his eye, the whole exhibition is just what he sees any day in passing St. Paul's or old Trinity, or the Cathedral. Yet he clings to those churches as he does to the zoological gardens, just because they are mentioned in the guide books.

"I might add to this list of time-wasting

gardens, just because they are mentioned in the guide books.
"I might add to this list of time-wasting practices the American habit of visiting and lingering around all the monuments to men, big and small, in European cities. Men who never turn to right or left in New York to distinguish between a statue and a drinking fountain race wildly on the Continent after the most insignificant public statues, as if every public menument were as worthy as the Arch of Triumph in Paris, or the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin or the Trafalgar Square shaft in London. And while chasing up these animals and churches and commonplace statues of people they never heard of the American tourists neglect the art galleries, the libraries, the great military spectacles and the peculiarly national entertainments whose like they never have seen, and cannot find on this side of the water."

Mr. Brazzle of Brooklyn was looking decidedly pleased the other morning when a friend met him ambling along toward the bridge.

"Ah," exclaimed the friend, "you seem to have come in on a sunbeam this morning." "No, no," responded Mr. Brazzle; "but I'm feeling as good as if I had. I have been experimenting with a theory of mine that is proving to be a success and will eventually, I think, be a boon to mankind, and incidentally, I may add, to womankind. Ever since I've been grown I to womankind. Ever since I've been grown I have had the vociferous habit of snoring. It doesn't make much difference what position I take in bed, when I go to sleep the snore is bound to follow. Sometimes it is most annoying to persons in adjoining rooms, and at lightly constructed summer hotels it almost results in a riot at times. My wife never has become accustomed to it, but she has got me studied so now that she can stop me in a moment by tapping on the head of the bed.

"However, I have within the past three months been experimenting with myself, and I am de-

However, have within the past three months been experimenting with myself, and I am delighted with my success. In reading something in January on mind cure, I suddenly thought that by the exercise of the mind the habit of snoring might be overcome. I knew what people could do if they only put their minds to it, so after a careful investigation of the matter I began a course in mind cure for my snoring. Every night when I went to bed I set my mind firmly unon waking that a soon as the snoring.

FOR A DANCE OF PEACE.

CHIPPEWA RRIDE AND STOUX GROOM

but of the Alliance Came a Proposition from Chief Nebagamain to Have a Pownow with His Old Enemy and Bury the Tomabawk -The Ceremony Will Occur in July.

From the Chicago Chronicle. WRITE BIRGH, Wis., June 6 .- The Chippews Indians of northern Minnesota and Wisconsin are anticipating with no little enthusiasm the great reunion of Sioux and Chippewae, which is to be held at White Birch, Wis., commencing July 1 and lasting at least two weeks. On the bank of the picturesque St. Croix the Indians will pitch their tepees and otherwise prepare for the gathering of the clans. From the faraway land of the Dakotas will come delegations of Sioux to smoke the pipe of peace with their once hated enemies, and from all over northern Minnesota and Wisconsin will come little bands of Chippewas to welcome the old warriors who fought against them in years gone by, and to

dance with them the first tribal dance of peace This proposed meeting of two tribes which have been hostile to one another for many generations will be a povel and interesting affair. if the plans of the promoters are carried into effect. The idea of such a meeting was first suggested about a year ago by Chief Nebagamain, a Chippewa warrior, now living at White Birch, whose daughter was wedded about that time to John Horse, son of Red Face, a noted Sloux warrior. Chief Nebagamain thought the Sioux and Chippewas should smoke the pipe of peace some time before the Great Spirit. He made a touching speech, in which he recounted the many desperate battles fought by the two tribes, wherein many warriors bit the dust. He spoke of the hatred existing between the two nations, which was handed down from generation to generation, all because of a trivial dispute over the boundary lines of their terri-tory. He reminded the old Sloux that the white man had taken all the land from them, and that there was therefore nothing left to

dispute over the boundary lines of their territory. He reminded the old Sloux that the white man had taken all the land from them, and that there was therefore nothing left to quarrel about.

"Let us die in peace," implored the grayhaired Chippewa. "Let us smoke the pipe of peace before we die, that our children may not fight when we are gone. The Sloux have killed many Chippewas and the Chippewas have killed many Sloux. We are even, let us quit." The old Sloux warrior was pleased with the proposition, and promised to do all in his power toward bringing the rival nations together in proposition, and promised to do all in his power toward bringing the rival nations together in proposition, and promised to do all in his power toward bringing the rival nations together in proposition, and promised to the proposition to his prober was the proposition to his prober was the control of the proposition to his prober was the control of the proposition to his prober was the control of the proposition to his prober was the control of the proposition to his prober was the control of the control of the proposition to the was the control of the proposition to his prober was the control of the proposition to the prober will be control of the control of the control of the proposition to the control of the proposition of the control of

to prolong that feature of the reunion.

After the peace dance it is proposed to have a gennine old-fashioned barbecue, and this feature of the meeting is not without its important significance, for no peace meeting can be complete without it. A number of deer recently captured near White Birch are to be turned into a small corral and shot by a committee selected by the chiefs. Then they are to be troased at the stake, and finally sliced out to the hungry Indians, together with a ladle of fish soup prepared by the squaws.

Then there will be deer hunts, fishing excursions, canoe-making bees, and the numerous other things which go to make up the occupation of the red man in his uncivilized state. Besides, old Chief Nebagamain promises to have a sham battle between the two tribes for the edification of the white man, and thinks there will be a grand parting war and peace dance just before the breaking up of the meeting.

On the whole, the affair promises to be a stirring and realistic representation of Indian life on the plains and in the forest, and the people in attendance will be afforded the opportunity of gazing upon some of the notable Indian characters of the day, such as Sitting Rull's daughter. Chief Nebagamain, Chief Red Face, Chief Black Bear, of Custer massacre fame, and Red Black Bear, of Custer massacre fame, and Red

LONDON TAGS HAVE VALUE. Old Clothes Men Willing to Pay for the Mark of

the English Tattor. The old clothes man refused absolutely to give more than 75 cents for the cutaway coat.
"But," remonstrated the customer, "you offered me \$1 for the sack coat, and the cutaway is worth about four times as much as the sack." "The sack has the tag of the London maker on it," explained the dealer. "That makes the difference."

"Does it f" retorted the customer. "I'll always give half a dollar more for a coas with a London tag on it than for one without," said the dealer. "I can always sell it quicker

and better."
"You'll be doing pretty well if the tag helps you to sell that coat at any price," remarked the customer, surveying the ancient and dilaps-dated garment.

"That coat or some other coat," returned the dealer. "You see, the tag's the thing. There are a lot of Englishmen in New York who can't afford to get their clothes in London, but would rather starve than wear anything but London clothes; and there are some Americans here who have lived in London so long that nothing American suits them, and who would go back there to-morrow if they had money enough. These men come into my flace and see a coat with one of these tags on it, and I tell them it's a misfit that's come to me and they buy it and go away happy. So the tag is really worth more than the coat."

"You can buy genuine Stradivarius labels for violins in New York for \$1 a dozen," said the customer. "Why don't you go to that man for your genuine London clothes tags! You would find it cheaper."

"That's so," replied the dealer. "I think I have heard it said that some dealers do go to the Stradivarius man for their tays; but that's no reason why we shouldn't be glad to get a tag like this when we have a chance. Somehow it gives a better air of reality. It's worth more, anyhow."

"I wonder," proceased the customer, "whether the tag was the thing I justif for when I bought that cont. The cont mover fitted me. I kept ripping and learing, and all the furnishings about it were of poor quality. The only reason why anybody should respect it at all was kept ripping and learing, and all the furnishings about it were of poor quality. The only reason why anybody should respect it at all was that it was English.

"That's the wear with English clothes," anyswered the dealer. "They may not be anything in the way of clothes; but they have the tags."

"Make it a dollar for the sack coat, said the customer. "Is pateriothe." "Each tagical clothes."

"All right," concluded the customer. "Trace it, And, say, what only you say was the address of that man who sold the tags!

"All right," and the dealer. "They has the address of that man who sold the tags!

"All right," and the dealer. "With a chealer. "Well, tell in eit." "That coat or some other coat," returned the dealer. "You see, the tag's the thing. There

All right, constanced the clistomer. That it. And, say, what did you say was the address of that man who sold the tages I. "I didn't say, returned the dealer. "Well, tell hie it."
"Not much," said the dealer with a chuckle.